

The following is a literal Translation of the PETITION,

SENT BY THE WIFE OF

Almas Ali Cawn,

Who was lately seized upon and put to Death, for political Purposes in INDIA.

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To the High and Mighty Servant of the most powerful Prince George, King of England, the lowly and humbled Slave of Misery, comes praying for Mercy to the Father of her Children.

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

MAY the blessings of thy God ever wait on thee. May the sun of glory shine around thy head; and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness be always open unto thee and thine. May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of thy God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction.

O! hearken then to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant. Spare, O spare the father of my children—save the partner of my bed—my husband, my all that is dear. Consider, O! mighty sir, that he did not become rich by iniquity, and that what he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors, who in those smiling days, when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard on the fertile plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvest in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested. Think, O think! that the God whom thou worshippest, delights not in the blood of the innocent. Remember thy own Commandment, “Thou shalt not kill,” and obey the orders of heaven.

Give me back my ALMAS ALI CAWN, and take all our wealth, Strip us of our jewels and precious stones, of our gold and our silver, but take not away the life of my husband. innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows round his heart. Let us go wander through the desert—let us become the tillers and labourers in those delightful spots of which we once was lord and master; but spare, O mighty sir! spare his life! Let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he has committed no crime. Accept our treasures with gratitude. Thou hast them at present by force. We will remember thee in our prayers, and forget that we ever were rich and powerful—My children, the children of ALMAS ALI CAWN, lend their petition for the life of him who gave them life, They beseech from thee the author of their existence.

By that humanity which we have oft been told glows in the breast of European loveliness! by the tender mercies of the enlightened souls of Englishmen! the honour, the virtue, the honesty, and the maternal feelings of thy great Queen, whole numerous Offspring is so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner, beseeches thee to save her husband's life, and restore him to her arms!

Thy God will reward thee, thy country must thank thee, and she now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy humbled vassal.

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This petition was presented by the unhappy woman to the great man, who, after he had perused it, give orders that ALMAS ALI CAWN, should be immediately strangled, and those orders were instantly put into execution.

MAY the CURSE of the WIDOW and FATAERLESS ever PURSUE HIM!